

The Night Before Xmas

By Thomas Bauer

(To this story goes an Honorable Mention for
The Daily Short Story Contest.)

THOUGH we got our party envelopes and the Christmas Bonus at noon the party went on until evening. I know I drank more than was good for me, and when it was time to go home I was feeling a bit reckless (as reckless as one can feel with a wife and two children of schoolage). I was reluctant to face the icy cold outside and therefore, I not only stayed late, but on the way home I stopped at a restaurant, one where I had never been before because their prices were a bit too large for the pocketbook of an Assistant Bookkeeper with a family. I was still looking over the menu when a woman in a furcoat came up to my table (the kind of coat Emily dreams of between the time I bring the pay home and she pays the grocer). She sat down and whispered: "For God's sake, please help me, the manager is watching me, I have no place to go to, I have been sitting here for over an hour, and if I do not order he will send me out of here."

The manager came up to my table, and before I knew what was happening to me I was ordering dinner for two, though I should have known better than to dine in the best restaurant in town with a strange woman, while Emily and the children were waiting for me at home. It is too horrible to picture what might have happened if an acquaintance of Emily's or somebody from the Office had recognized me.

The food came and the woman ate ravenously, as if she had had nothing to eat for several days. She would not explain how she had come into a situation like this, except that she had had a quarrel with her people, and that she had run away and could not go back under any circumstances. Her tale touched me so much (it must have been the alcohol in me) that all of a sudden I offered to give her my Christmas Bonus of \$50.00. And while I was still speaking and her face lit up with hope, I remembered that I had only enough money on me to pay for the dinner, because I had met Emily before the party had started, and she had taken the money home with her.

I explained and asked her to come with me to our flat, where I would ask Emily for the bonus money. It must have been twenty below when we left the restaurant, it was one of those clear December nights, when every star can be seen and seems especially bright and polished up just for Christmas. The woman shivered so violently that I thought she was sick, but she told me that she had left without putting any clothes on. She noticed my unbelieving look and opened her coat a little so that I could see that she was really wearing only a slip underneath.

When we reached the house I asked her to wait outside until I had talked to Emily. She looked at me pleadingly and said that she would stay here and wait in front of the door, whether I came back or not. I told her not to worry. I would be back in three or four minutes.

I found Emily in tears when I unlocked the apartment door. She jumped up, threw her arms around me and said between laughing and sobbing: "Oh Thomas, I have been so worried, don't you know what time it is? I had put the children to bed, and you were not even there to kiss them good-night on Christmas Eve. But forgive me darling, I am such a stupid little wife. I have been full of jealousy, sitting here thinking you were out with another woman."

Could I ask Emily for the money after that? I know that I am not a brave man, but I doubt if any other man would have spoken. And

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Awakening

By Josette Marion

IT WAS A DAY beginning just like any other day. Corina stretched lazily in bed and closed her eyes against the crack of brilliant sunlight that slanted through the shutters. She could hear the soft slap slap of bare feet and the swish of water as the maids mopped the patio and away in the rear of the house someone singing "Cielito Lindo." Already the heat was beginning its mounting crescendo and in her mind she pictured the shimmering white walls outside and the way the bougainvillea would drip and wilt all through the long morning and afternoon, only to revive with the brief coolness of evening. In a few more minutes she must get up. She waited for the sound of the front door slamming to tell her that Ricardo was on his way to school and she must help mama dress.

From the time she could first remember, awakening in the morning had been like this; the same sounds of water being splashed across the tiles, someone singing from the maids' quarters, the far off tinkle of the bell as a man brought hot arepas to the garden gate, a clatter of dishes from the dining room, the rustle of shutters being opened, soft stirrings in the other bedrooms that meant her sisters were already up, and finally Ricardo whistling across the patio, stopping by the hall mirror to straighten his tie and comb his hair, shouting "Adios, Mamaita!" and the quick, loud slamming of the door as he clattered noisily out into the street. That closed, implacable door that shut her within the walls and marked the beginning and ending of her world.

And so she would get up and put on her dressing gown and then go into her mother's room and in the cool, semi-darkness her mother's great bulk would be vaguely moving itself upon the bed, waiting to be gotten up and dressed. It seemed natural for Corina to do this as she was the youngest and Misia Maria liked her best. By the time she had dressed her mother, her sisters would already be in the dining room, sitting about the table with their embroidery and drinking the endless cups of black coffee which composed the greater part of the morning meal. Misia Maria would have a heaping plate of arepas brought in which she buttered and ate with slow deliberation while her daughters talked and gossiped through the first long hours of the morning; Helena, the eldest, pale and worn looking from the years of waiting through a long engagement until Alejandro could afford to marry her; Delia, plump and placid, whose chances of marriage were fast vanishing with every day that brought her nearer to her nineteenth birthday; Amyra, slender and dark and restless, with brilliant black eyes and luxuriant curly hair which made her, at seventeen, the belle of Caracas; lastly she herself, Corina, just sixteen and engaged to Eduardo Santander.

Eduardo—thinking of him made her experience a sudden bitter-sweet thrill of ecstasy. She encircled the pillow in her arms and held it tightly against her in order to drown out the confused pounding of her heart. Eduardo Julio Gregorio Santander—tomorrow—yes, tomorrow, she would marry him and then—they would go away, he had told her—to Europe—England, France, Spain, Austria, Switzerland. Magic names of which she knew so little and imagined so much.

Strange that Ricardo should be so long this morning. She listened for his quick footsteps knowing that it was for the last time. For the last time she would hear the door slam, that door which shut her in

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Iroquois Lullaby

By Betty Braginetz

I'd give to you the quiet of the night,
The peaceful sunlight underneath the trees,
And the blue shadows of the great pines
On the still and musing lake
At calm or evening.
It shall be as the serene mid-summer night,
When the moon is high and silver cool,
And the cold sighs after the heat,
And contented crickets sing of sleep,
And the dry grass and cool blade
Swish and rustle
A sleepy lullaby.

This be my gift to you,
Thus my love wrapped for you,
This song I hum to you,
Peace, warrior,
Peace.

Stille Nacht

By Charles Lukardis

The snow spreads an even blanket over the flat rock, which, uncovered glares a dead-man stare at the foot of the mountain. The never-closing eye can rest for once. The night is cold and all-embracing; its sharp touch makes unseen objects clear. A rush of air slides down the mountain and ruffles the placid jaggedness of snowflakes on the rock.

Under a fir tree beside the rock where heavy branches caress the ground unwillingly a very white and furry weasel treads upon each snowflake with powder-puff paws.

On the other side a gentle shivering ice dancer attracts attention to the wind. Facing the mountain, an earnest-looking rabbit surveys the scene with educated contemplation.

The forest-clearing is divided by a lonely brook, pushing its hesitant way through small rocks and tree stumps. Starlight and silence illustrate the scene.

In the far distance, where human habitation congregates, a church bell tolls the twelve calls of Christmas midnight mass.

At the sound of the twelfth stroke, God's hand glides gently over the clearing. In the midst of pouring down the mountainside, the air stops to kneel in transparent prayer. From under the fir tree the weasel gently treads in the open and melts its silent way to the rock plateau. From the other side graceful steps transport the deer to a seemingly appointed place opposite the weasel. Hobbling with academic thoughtfulness the rabbit arrives last.

While in the far-distant church steeple a barbed wheel moves to and fro for sixty restless times, the weasel's fur, the deer's sleek skin, the rabbit's unkempt hair clings devoutly to warm bodies dissolving minute peaks of snowflakes. The breathless air curls over them in cotton-wool pillows. Silently they gaze into the night like silhouetted dreams upon a cool closed eye.

Fifty-nine times the wheel has danced.

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Existence

By Fred Hurter

Oh nothing at all, oh nothing at all,
Oh nothing at all are we;
For all we wish, for all we desire
Will never come to be.

This world is nothing, this life is nothing;
We struggle under a sky
That promises much but looks down harshly
On a world that is but a lie.

A New Art Movement

By J. W. R. Meadowcroft

(To this story goes the First Prize of \$3.00 for The
Daily Short Story Contest.)

THE TREES, by Robert Joppert," said the short, stout man, eyeing the catalogue, then the picture. "Superlative!" The older man with rough, chiselled features and long, ugly, stringy grey hair was quick to agree. "Yes, it's a marvelous work of art." The tall, delicate-looking bearded man was not so sure: "Why, it's so unlike the usual stuffy academic work of Joppert, it's almost staggering. Damned hard to interpret his feelings."

"Exactly. But I think I can appreciate it correctly." The old man was speaking again. As he thought about Joppert's canvas, he remembered the days, back in the twenties, when he had been one of the leaders of a new art movement. "This fellow is treating these trees from a post-impressionistic viewpoint. He is painting the tree as it feels itself."

"Yes! Yes! That's it! See how he has excluded all the foliage, save a long narrow bit at the top of the picture. The symmetrical green forms are evidently cross-sections of the trees' root systems. Joppert obviously accentuates these because they bring food and water to the trees; and are, in his interpretation of the trees' opinion, the parts of primary importance." Now, the bearded judge was becoming enthusiastic.

"Highly impressionistic roots," added the stout man. "Wonderful harmony of execution. Can't understand his conventional treatment of the tree trunks."

"Probably a holdover from his old style. We can't expect him to change completely over night," the beard replied. For a moment, a flash of youthful vitality appeared on the old man's face:

"Can't you feel the great overwhelming rhythm and vibrant quality of this gorgeous composition? I tell you, gentlemen, Joppert has founded a new art movement in our great country. I suggest that we nominate him for election to the academy." The great main hall of the gallery echoed gloomily as the two younger artists agreed with the old academician. The three judges stood enraptured before the dynamic canvas, until a thin, sneering figure moved up beside them.

"Gentlemen," said Robert Joppert, "at the moment, the only new art movement that this picture will inspire in anyone is the movement of turning it over." The three judges moved away, leaving the picture upsidown.

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS FROM THE PRINCIPAL



"Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people . . . Glory be to God in the highest and on earth peace, goodwill towards men."

Two thousand years of human effort, or achievement and disappointment, have passed since the message rang out on the first Christmas Eve, but it comes to us this year with fresh and deepened meaning. For six long years we have fought, and worked and waited. Sometimes we half expressed our thoughts in "dreaming of a white Christmas" and in the ironic humour of personal post-war plans, but our real feelings lay too deep for words to capture them. And now the Christmastide of Peace has come.

Many of you will be participants in joyous family reunions, or share the gathering of your friends' families, and I hope that each of you, students and members of the staff, may find your Christmas filled with happiness. "Ring out the old, ring in the new . . . Ring in the thousand years of peace." The Spirit of Christmas Present, and the younger Sprite of Christmas-Yet-To-Come, are patrons of the festival.

The Spirit of Christmas Past, I know, will sit with some of you, during the quiet hours of Christmas Eve, as you remember those who fought and worked beside us but come not back to share the feast. I hope that your Christmas may be enriched by the memories that he brings, for this is their Christmas, too, the festival of those silent ones, on which we recall the ideals for humankind that were to them a guerdon and an inspiration. In the company of those memories, this Christmastide must be a time of rededication, but I hope that you may find happiness in the pride of their accomplishment and in thanksgiving for the opportunity that they have won for us to establish peace on earth, goodwill towards men.

A Happy Christmas to each one of you, and best wishes for all of 1946.

December, 1945.

F. CYRIL JAMES

Christmas Sonnet

By Moira Wedderspoon

The Chilly night had hardened up the sky,
And sharpened all the edges of the stars.
The moon was meekly looking on as Mars
Ripped a pillow-cloud that passed him by.
The slip was rent in two! There billowed out
A million feathery flakes down to the earth.
The other planets gleamed with silent mirth
And scattered millions more in ruthless rout.

The Christmas Eve was waiting there below,
And children knelt in prayer before their sleep;
But ere they prayed for gifts, each took a peep
Outside and said, "O please God make it snow."
The last eye closed as the first flake kissed a lawn
To make the Lord's white present at the dawn!

A Tale of Superstition

By Moira Wedderspoon

Do you believe in superstition? Many of you who are of Scottish descent will perhaps reply in the affirmative—which brings me to my tale of a small village in the Highlands of Scotland and its little Priory.

Beaulieu is a quaint little clustering community set in the majestic mountainous beauty of Inverness-Shire. Two churches, two banks, and a few shops flank three sides of its marketing square, and, on the north side stand the ruins of a Priory. This gaping structure, with its crumbling architecture, austere picturesque, lends a strange air of dignity and tradition to the little village.

I visited Beaulieu about six years ago, and, shortly after my arrival there, was so attracted by the derelict building that one day I decided to examine it more closely. Through a rusty gate, half eaten away by time, my footsteps led me over a small cemetery where greenish-brown moss crept over the ancient decaying tombstones and laced itself around the epitaphs. The hushed quality of the surroundings imparted itself to my feelings, and the peculiar idea occurred to me that as my feet sunk into the mushy turf I was treading on the very flesh and bones of those buried underneath. I made my way with hurried reverence to the entrance of the Priory itself.

Inside the mouldering walls silence hung dank and heavy as if an atmosphere centuries old were still contained there. And at the far end . . . what was that . . .

"Lassie—what are ye doin' there?" I was startled out of my eager contemplation and turned around to see an old farmer standing at the rusty gate. Somewhat annoyed at the interruption, but thinking that I might be trespassing on private property, I hurried over to him to explain that I was "just looking around."

His amazing reply was in the form of another question, "Have ye any sisters?"

I answered the poor old fellow must surely be mad but I answered politely, "No, Sir."

Then come out of there fast and I'll tell ye somethin' that ye shud ken," he said.

It was thus that I learned the story of Beaulieu Priory—from an old Scottish farmer of Inverness-shire; and, although my memory fails me in recording it in the old

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Ending

By Alice Benett

The day is hanging up in trees
To turn, then hanging, pale
And paler, blue and bluer, till
Its breath be stopped and light
shall fail,
And this uneasy wind shall die
Among the strangling trees;
I wait for certainty of loss
To mourn another dying, more
than these.

A Study of the Curved Vertebrae in the Catfish

By Harry Garfinkle

(To this story goes the Second Prize of \$2.00 for The
Daily Short Story Contest.)

EVERYBODY'S writing books about Roosevelt. I began one when his name was Harding and I'm still writing it though his name has changed to Truman. It's a good story. It's pre-war stuff. Funny, how everybody wants pre-war goods when the post-war world is so rosy—the president says. But this story deals with what he said before the war.

"One third of the nation—at least one third of the nation is destitute and undernourished." I didn't take these statistics; that's not my line. In this case the President said so, and he's supposed to know what he's talking about. Don't the papers say the President has his hand on the national pulse? I wrote to the papers telling their editors that it was just a fake since he was no doctor, but they never published my little quip.

Anyways, me, I'm just a traveller who likes culture. I listen to the boys on the soap boxes and then go on my way. From town to town, and from village to city, past more countryside and past more city, and then still further, east or west, depending on where the traffic and my interest is highest; I travel. So you can say that for me every place on this globe rotates in circles like our greater universe. But that was just a remark "en passant" as I heard some driver say.

But New York was just a visit, a guided tour at the least. I got into the city from the Jersey side, coming in under the bridge and past the wharves. Manhattan was bright at 1 a.m. when I got there and it was bright when I left, but the people only hung around the lights because they were moths and couldn't make lights for themselves. In any case some extenuating circumstances made me go down Avenue A on the run, nearly breaking my neck on one of those stalls stuck out in front of the houses. Then as the subway rolled over the bridge, I caught a fleeting glimpse of the back of the Liberty gal. Three weeks I spent in the streets and undergrounds of New York and never saw the living face of our lady of liberty.

Chicago was also worth the trip. "Circle the Loop," they told me in the Yards—"Circle the Loop," they told me and I did. Now there are some who say the Gold Coast is swell, and there are some who have relatives in the suburbs complete with a garden front and back, and central heating, and air conditioning and the rest of the real estate line, and that's as it should be I suppose. I only spent a week in the Windy City; seeing the museum and visiting the grave of the Haymarket dead. And when I lit out, I wrapped my last lunch in a Tribune. Boss Kelly gladdened the rest of the machine wrapped a ham roll, American cheese and a green pickle and bread all the way across the western prairie.

Now a hitchhiker learns many things the Gallup people never find out, but he also forgets plenty, 'cause I sure would like to know what happened to me between Denver and Sacramento. Now as clear as I remember, in Denver I picked Joe up, or rather Joe picked me up. Joe is an old friend from the road, now sporting a tin-lizzie of his own, but not too proud to pick up a member of his former profession. Joe had just been paid, and I had enough left to feed the gizzard and so we picked up some liquor and a full tank of gas and got going. . . .

And then the first thing I remember Joe do is park the car just

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Lost Day

By Alice Benett

(To this story goes an honourable mention for The Daily
Short Story Contest.)

CELIA stood on Sherbrooke Street and opened the waxed, wire-handled box. The turtle was still there, floating lazily in two inches of water. Celia tucked the lid into place again, and crossed the road carefully, balancing the turtle in one hand, and the package of turtle-food in the other.

It was seeing them all together that had her gone of getting one for Anne. What if she hadn't think to the basement floor and had never seen the turtles at all. What if she had had to shop as usual in the corner store, instead of being allowed to go downtown all by herself. . . . Then this turtle—the greenest and yellowest and reddest of them all—would still be in the big glass tank, crawling slowly over the heaps of other turtles. But now he was swimming—astonished at such a change—in a narrow waxed box.

"Never mind, Archibald," she crooned, "never mind. Soon we'll be home and then you'll go up to Anne's house and have a big baking pan to live in. That's what she'll give you—with islands of quartz stones, Archibald." Of course it would be Anne's turtle, being her birthday present, and Anne should decide what to call him, but Celia could suggest Archibald. It would be a lovely name for a turtle.

The street lights were lighted suddenly, showing up the gathering darkness. A cold high autumn sky hung above the city, pale green, barred with black cloud to the west. Red and yellow lights of cars and buses were gathered together at the intersection ahead.

Celia drew a deep breath, and felt gladness run up and out to her very fingers, and tingle down her spine. She could run all the way home. Only that would jolt Archibald. She had a turtle for Anne's birthday present—a real live turtle and some turtle-food and she could give Anne the quartz stones with the pink in them for the turtle to sit on for islands in his pond.

The windows of houses smiled at her with orange, curtained light. The wind scuffled coldly round a corner. Straight ahead one star swung in the pale sky, showing through the dark tangled branches of the trees. With each step she took, it dropped through the branches, so that as Celia came walking down Sherbrooke Street it slid lower and lower among the trees, till at last it must drop free of them into the street. . . .

Celia sagged gratefully into the vacant seat. She drew her skirts down over her knees and leaned back. The street-car jerked forward as she shut her eyes.

The dull ache in her legs grew less. It was stooping to the lower file drawers that was worst. And one of the knees in her stockings was burst, from stooping to those drawers. She opened her eyes and leant forward, feeling furtively the torn edges of the hole. It wasn't worth mending. She must get another pair, come payday.

Celia rested the back of her head on the window behind her, and closed her eyes again. The stacks of invoices waved before her eyes—pink invoices to be sorted and stamped and filed while the everlasting pile was added to by the mail girls as they came round each hour and the pink sheets spilled all over the desk. The clock's hands moved reluctantly. But all days ended, and evening came at last. There was a good movie just down the street. If she had enough money. Celia sat up and

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Christmas Spirit

Our first peace-time Christmas is indeed cause for an increase in the feeling of "peace on earth and good-will towards men" that generally predominates the atmosphere of the Christmas season. And so, at this time of the year, we take time out from the dissatisfactions and grind of our every-day lives, and once again surround ourselves with the time-honored tales of the Christ Child, and St. Nicholas, and with the good food and the cheery fires that personify Christmas in our minds and hearts.

Have you ever tried to analyse Christmas, to find out just what makes it "tick", and why, for this season alone, the naturalists' belief in man created essentially good seems to have a real foundation? It's hard. Perhaps it is because, for once, the Christian faith finds expression in something so easily understandable and near to the hearts of all men and women that it awakens in each of us the desire to live as did the Man whom we honor at this time. The something—the birth of a child.

No matter how old, or how cynical, we may grow, birth will always stir in us the same feelings... the mysterious wonder at a new creation of life. The new-born babe is essentially the symbol of all that we cannot explain in life... that is—life itself, and we cannot help but feel the reverent mystery that surrounds the mother and her new-born child.

Perhaps, too, the innocence of the child weaves its spell on our minds, and, in an attempt to be worthy of the simple faith of the nursing babe, we thrust from us all the mean and despicable, even if—oh! so practical—material thoughts and deeds that we accept so readily in our attempts to survive.

We laugh with gay good-will with our fellows; and we watch the children at the Santa Clause parade with a lump in our throats; we listen to the tale of Scrooge without our usual astute literary criticism, hating the wealthy ogre who refuses to give to the poor, and shivering with Cratchit as he tries to warm himself at his meagre fire, and wiping the tear from our eye as Tiny Tim blesses us—every one. And we wrap gifts in bright paper and shiny stickers, and carry them around to the houses of our friends, exchanging "Merry Christmas" greetings; we trim the tree, and sing carols, and put our extra pennies into the pots of the Salvation Army Santa Clauses who block the doorways of the stores and ring their discordant bells.

Perhaps in the new year some remnant of this good feeling will remain, and the good will behind the wishes for a "Merry Christmas" will produce a truly happy new year. Let us hope and work for this in the future... that our dreams of a world of peace and prosperity may materialize. All too quickly the spirit that fills our hearts at Christmas is submerged in our struggle for existence. Let this season serve as the fire by which we temper our swords for destroying hatred and prejudice throughout the world. To you all, then, a very Merry Christmas!

Time and Tide

Christmas and Time

It is Christmas, Merrie Christmas... and we are exhausted already by the whirl of last minute activities... by the sudden spurt of life on the Campus. Students seem to be indulging in one last extravaganza of meetings and dances and discussions and parties, one last, mad rush before the Union closes and silence slowly sinks over the Campus, the empty buildings... the hushed and sepulchral library.



There is the rush of buying presents and fighting one's way through the stores, of wrapping and getting more tangled up in a yard of ribbon than a cat does in a ball of wool... Finally the supreme moment of giving; and of receiving. In an instant all the careful work of wrapping is gone, and what was once a thing of beauty is now a shapeless hulk of paper on the floor.

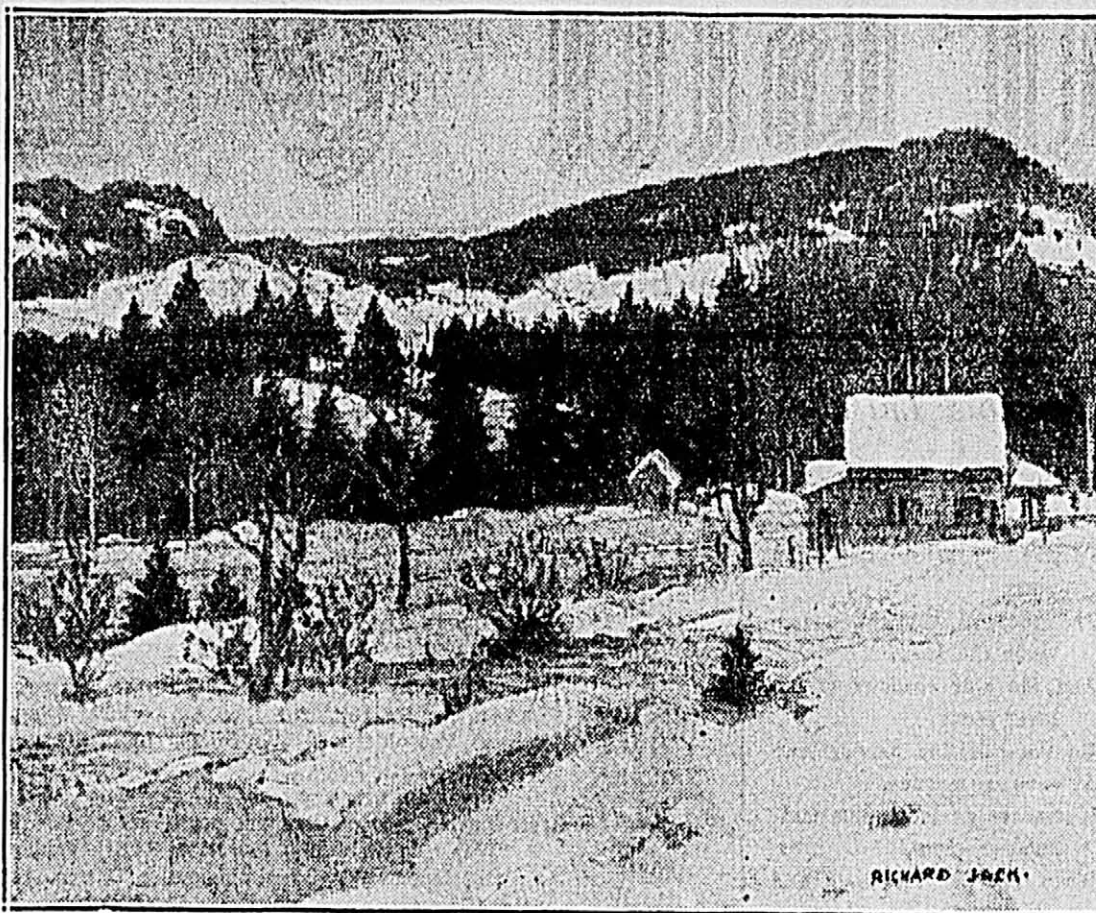
As usual Time has flown, and we woke one morning to make plans for the holidays. Everyone is doing something, going somewhere. The weary, sleep-starved, flu-suffering students are going to rest enjoying the most strenuous physical activities. Then there is the other half... the ones that are going to New York. It seems as though New York must become an outpost of McGill every Christmas.

With the flight of Time thoughts turn backwards to other Christmas Eves, to New Years long ago and far away. There are those who remember strange lands, new people and foreign customs. Some remember Christmases of glory; others of New Years of misery. "I was in London... You should see Paris... Times Square at Midnight... Madrid, and eating grapes in the Plaza de la Constitution with every stroke of the clock... It's good to be back in Montreal."

The holidays are here, and so is Christmas, with its solemn joy; New Year's, with its worldly gaiety. Remembrance from the past, turns to thoughts of the future. And we wonder whether 1946 will see the advent of "Peace and Goodwill".

We think of the past and the future, and once more we are left with the unfinished, the unlive stuff of Time slipping through our fingers. Once more we have a set of remembrances that soon will be memories. Every Christmas is a landmark, the end of something. And New Year's is always a beginning.

Time has flown; much has happened. The ugly we will forget and the good remember. Meanwhile we wish each other the best now and in the future. And we wish it to you, the best of Christmases in a world at peace, the happiest of New Years.



—Landscape by Richard Jack, R.A., R.C.A. Courtesy of the Stevens Art Gallery.

The First Christmas

When Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judaea in the days of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the East to Jerusalem, saying, "Where is he that is born king of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him."

When Herod the king had heard of these things, he was troubled and all Jerusalem with him. And when he had gathered all the chief priests and scribes of the people together, he demanded of them where Christ should be born. And they said unto him, "In Bethlehem of Judaea: for thus it is written by the prophet. And thou Bethlehem, in the land of Judaea, art not the least among the princes of Juda: for out of thee shall come a governor that shall rule my people Israel."

Then Herod, when he had privily called the wise men, enquired of them diligently what time the star appeared. And he sent them to Bethlehem and said, "Go and search diligently for the young child and when you have found him, bring me word again, that I may come and worship him also."

When they had heard the king they departed, and to the star which they saw in the east, went before them till it came and stood over where the young child was. When they saw the star they rejoiced with exceeding great joy. And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary, his mother, and fell down and worshipped him; and when they had opened their treasures they presented unto him gifts, gold and frankincense and myrrh.

—New Testament, "Matthew" II, 1-11.

Yuletide Disenchantment

By J. W. R. Meadowcroft

It was Christmas night, yet Chumley was angry. Outside, soft downy snow was slowly falling, and some of the village children were carolling by the light of an old lantern. In the great house, the garbled Yule log was crackling brightly on the hearth, while the aroma of roast suckling pig was wafted up from below-stairs. She beautiful presents lay about in the chaos of their wrappings, forgotten during the busy preparations for dinner. The spirit of Christmas joy was all-pervading. And Chumley was angry? Mumbling all the while he strutted wrathfully up and down the room with his hands thrust deeply into his pockets. He paused before the fire, spat at it with great animosity, as though its cheerfulness offended him; then he resumed his perambulations. "Women!" he ground out to anyone in particular, "Women! Bah!"



Poor Chumley. He had loved a woman with all his heart, had trusted her with his very soul. Now he was deserted; at Christmas! He remembered their first day together at the beach, just after they had met. On the train home, he had held her hand, shyly at first; then more boldly. As they said good-night, he had not been able to resist the temptation of pressing his warm lips to her soft smooth cheek. As the days shortened with approaching autumn, they had been together more often, and the love between them had grown deeper. There came a time when Chumley felt that she must be his own; so one evening he plucked up his courage, and laid his heart at her feet. He told his love, as she encouraged him apparently sympathetically. What a fool he had been! All the time he had been baring his soul to her, she had probably been laughing at the conceited simple, little figure he cut. Yes, he saw it all now, and the revelation made his blood boil all the more. She had fed him a tissue of lies—lead him on just to show him up as an ass. Well, this would not happen again. Chumley would never trust another woman, not even a beautiful one.

In the vast halls of the house an antique gong echoed austerely. At the same time, a dainty young lady crept into the room, approached Chumley as he stood pensively before the merry fire, and gently placed her hand on his shoulder. Continued on Page Three

A Visit from St. Nicholas

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse; The stockings were hung by the chimney with care, In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there; The children were nestled all snug in their beds, While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;

And mama in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap, Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap. When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter, I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter. Away to the window I flew like a flash, Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash. The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below. When, what to my wondering eyes should appear, But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer, With a little old driver, so lively and quick, I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick. More rapid than eagles his couriers they came,

And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name; "Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen! 'On, Comet! on Cupid! on, Dunder and Blitzen! To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall! Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!" As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly, When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky, So up to the house-top the couriers they flew, With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas too. And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof The prancing and pawing of each little hoof. As I drew in my head, and was turning around, Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.

He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot, And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot; A bundle of toys he had flung on his back, And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack. His eyes—how they twinkled! his dimples how merry! His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry! His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow, And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow; The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth, And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath; He had a broad face and a little round belly, That shook, when he laughed, like a bowlful of jelly. He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,

And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself; A wink of his eye and a twist of his head, Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread; He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work, And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk, And laying his finger aside of his nose, And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose; He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle, And away they all flew like the down of a thistle. But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight, "Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!"

Clement Clarke Moore (1779-1863)

A Father's Gift to All Children

by Keith Monroe

(as appearing in Coronet magazine)

Your son is dying," the doctor told the college professor. "Technically, it's a case of shock plus loss of blood. But actually, the boy just doesn't want to live. If you can think of something that will cheer him up, even temporarily, he may rally."

The professor's son was only seven years old. That day he had been galloping his pony along a

Sonnet..... on being asked to write one in an English class by Viv Fine

A thought for those who may desire to write:
I weave fantastic plots throughout the day
And blend them in neat schemes of bor a
And dream in sonnet sequence half the night
At last it dawns, the inspiration bright,
That grants me quite the ideal "mot" to say
In far the prettiest or the wittiest way.
In fashion that is just exactly right.
What then? Have I the right to sit and preen?
Alas! I have not yet confessed the worst
You say you wonder what it is I mean—
'Tis this—the tragic fate with which I'm cursed—
Each brilliant thought stagnates until I've seen
The efforts of the guy who wrote it first.

CIVILIZATION PLUS

You can measure the degree of civilization in a country by the degree of taxation, says expert. Boy, are we civilized! — London Evening Free Press.

Jeb "Gals sure want a lot these days."
Moe: "Yeah—and they want a house on it, too."

Christmas Story Contest
The Managing Board of The Daily regrets to announce that no winner has been selected for the Christmas Short Story Contest, as only four stories were contributed. The Five Dollar Prize is being carried over for a Poetry Contest to be held in the New Year.

"You must feel awful about your best friend running away with your wife."
"Yes, I'll sure miss him."—Crucible.



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ARCH. J. M. PETRIE, C.P.A.

Royal Bank Bldg.

HA. 1854

The Daily Visits a Rehearsal Of the Caribbean Broadcast



Trinidadians get into action with some calypso singing.

Chalking up another first for McGill, a group of students from Bermuda, The British West Indies and British Guiana will, this evening, record a half-hour programme of mirth, music and messages for re-broadcast by the C.B.C. to the Caribbean on Sunday December 23.

For some weeks now, the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation has been "beaming" test transmissions to the West Indies, Central and South America over its brand new short-wave service. With its studios located at Crescent Street, Montreal, and transmitters at Sackville in New Brunswick, Canada's new voice has been sent to the farthest corners of the globe in a manner, which, to quote reports received by C.B.C.'s engineering staff, "is second to none," ever since its formal inauguration in February this year.

A visit to the studios while rehearsals for the Caribbean Broadcast were in progress revealed a scene which could truly be described as being out of this world; for, gathered around two microphones were a score of young men from the islands, individual of every imaginable skin complexion, with some bottles of water and two string instruments as musical accompaniment producing a rhythm which might well put "The Duke" into the background and singing:

"Ah must write home to me mopsy
Tell she how I freeze in this country,
Mopsy Oh!
Come warm up your junior commando."

This was a Calypso, native folk music of the Caribbean.
The program in which these sons and daughters of the tropics were

to be featured is a special Christmas Edition of Canadian Spotlight, a fifteen minute feature of the C.B.C.'s International Service which is broadcast each Sunday from Montreal. In keeping with the spirit of the season, however, the Christmas edition will run for thirty minutes so as to enable the large number of young men and women from the Caribbean now at McGill to take part. Students from almost every faculty in the University are represented whilst boys and girls from Jamaica, Bermuda, British Guiana, St. Vincent, St. Lucia and Barbados and Trinidad comprise the cast.

A very interesting feature of the

program were the sentiments expressed by the West Indians and their opinions of our winter. It was rather obvious to the casual observer that those who spent a number of years here and indulged in winter sports and activities simply longed for the vacation and an opportunity to go up 'North' while those others who arrived here only this year and are experiencing their first winter complained bitterly about the deceptive White Christmas.

Musical contributions to the program are being made by Donald Johnston, who accompanies a vocalist for her composition, at the piano; Winston (the voice) Maha-



Roy Sampath gives final directions to broadcasters from the Caribbean.

bir, and Victor Chan. Barbara Paris introduces the lilt of "Carib Waltz" from Jamaica and Lenore Mahase of the Conservatory of Music accompanies several offerings at the piano.

The program which will be opened with some remarks by Mr. Rex Stollmeyer, is directed by Roy Sampath former McGill Daily staff member with Lynne Butler of the C.B.C. staff as emcee.

Student Copies Of Year Book Now On Sale

The 1945 Canada Year Book is now available, and can be obtained, by students, at \$1. from the King's Printer. The regular price is \$2, and there is only a limited stock of special students' copies. All desiring a Canada Year Book should make applications early, to "The Dominion Statistician, Dominion Bureau of Statistics, Ottawa."

The Year Book gives a detailed account of Canada's war effort, and an up to date review of economic conditions. History, geography, production, trade, are also included in this comprehensive, yearly study of Canadian national life. Events, and legislation of the period are summarized. The volume contains two lithographed maps, many charts and diagrams, and a detailed index.

The Chapters on External and Internal Trade have been enlarged,

and a special section is devoted to the development of Manufactures. Financial matters are covered, and Reconstruction policies analyzed.

YULETIDE—p. 2

"Chumley, dear." He spun around at her savagely; then sped from the room. "I guess it isn't a very good idea to tell a spoilt ten-year-old child that there is no Santa Claus," mused Chumley's governess as she followed him to the dinner table.

THOUGHTS ON GENIUS

When a true genius appears in this world, you may know him by this sign, that the dunces are all in a confederacy against him.

Jonathan Swift.
(Thoughts on Various Subjects.)
The Manitoban.

To Veterans of The Canadian Army (Active)

National Defence Headquarters wants to obtain a list of former officers and other ranks of the Canadian Army (Active) who are attending McGill University. This applies to men who are not receiving educational benefits as well as to those who are getting them.

If you are getting benefits please fill out a form when you get your next cheque.

If you are not getting benefits please fill out a form in the Registrar's Office or in the office of the Dean of your Faculty.

These forms may also be signed in the Vice-Principal's Office at Dawson College.
T. H. MATTHEWS,
Registrar.

There Is No Accounting

by Dee Aitch

This all happened in Ward 'N' or "the Pavilion" as it is usually referred to. All the rooms in Ward 'N' are private. Spacious, clean and creamy white, each room possesses every imaginable convenience including a telephone and radio. The lighting by the way is indirect. Only the well-to-do can afford a room here for any length of time. The majority of patients are executives who come simply for a rest. A few are genuinely ill. They all have this in common though—money—and that is what lost me my job. Mind you I lost it on circumstantial evidence; still I lost it.

I had only been attached to the Pavilion for a few days. I was lucky to get this job in 1930, the first of the depression years. I took it because I needed the money. I would have done anything at the time for money—and did!

Actually what I did was unethical but not particularly dishonest. It is frowned upon but usually overlooked until it leads to trouble. Then you lose your job—even a pitiful job.

Mrs. Crecy had a corner room, the last room on the left side of the ward. I liked to linger there a little longer because it offered an exquisite view of Laurentide Lake and received the full force of the morning sun just about the time I started to clean up.

Mrs. Crecy always greeted me with a hearty good morning which I returned just as warmly. Many patients sometimes give you a sour, dirty look for no reason at all and an orderly is in a hurry to get away from them to the cheerful ones.

On the sixth day of my duties in Ward 'N', as I was leaving Mrs. Crecy's room, she called me back from the door. "Have you got a cigarette?" she asked nonchalantly. I fished a package from my coat pocket and offered her one.

"Oh," she sighed disappointedly, "I don't smoke that brand. For the past few years I have smoked no other brand but . . ." She named an expensive Turkish cigarette. Quite to my astonishment she became very voluble and rambled into a detailed description of the enjoyment she derived from smoking; how there was no greater pleasure for her in life, and how this particular brand she had mentioned was the only one that satisfied her. There was such a gleam in her eye, so much craving in her voice when she spoke of tobacco, I concluded immediately that here was no casual smoker.

"I have tried most of the brands and finally found that this one conformed to my taste more than any other. Now I am so used to it I can't stand anything else. A different blend, a different flavor, a different tobacco grates on me immediately. It almost makes me scream," she elaborated. Saying the last she shook her head nervously.

"By the way I have run out of cigarettes. Now that you know my brand, please get me a package." Removing a five dollar bill from under her pillow she threw it at me with a "keep the change."

This was certainly magnanimous. It left me over four dollars. Naturally I was suspicious; anybody would be under the circumstances. But I figured she was 'queer' on cigarettes. We all have our idiosyncrasies. I reasoned further that, possibly, she had a weak heart, was forbidden smoking and was trying to bribe me. Had I confirmed that suspicion I probably would have called the deal off. I have done lots of shady things in my life for money but I haven't stooped to poisoning yet.

I made inquiries through the hospital grapevine and discovered that Mrs. Crecy had a strong heart and sound lungs. She suffered from "nerves." A "neurotic" I said to myself, as any fool could plainly see. I did not inquire into her ailments any further. I was satisfied that no harm would come to her from the cigarettes and most anxious to capitalize on my whale-sized tip, I could see a regular succession of them coming my way.

I am always sporting with people who treat me right, so the morning after my conversation with Mrs. Crecy I brought her two packages of cigarettes instead of the one she asked for.

I had become very fond of Mrs. Crecy. I considered her kind and sympathetic, although one could not come to this conclusion from a first glance at her face. This I believe was due to a semi-lunar scar around the right angle of the mouth which gave her a none into gentle appearance. She did her best to hide the scar by a profuse application of powder but, unfortunately, without much success.

I sat beside her that morning and watched her daintily remove a cigarette from one package. She had long slender aristocratic looking fingers. I have never seen a cigarette handled so gracefully. The entire procedure commencing with removal from the package to in-

halations and exhalations fascinated me. Smoking a cigarette to her was an art and a ritual combined. She smiled gracefully at me through spirals of smoke. Her eyes told the story. They sparkled like the eyes of one whose head emerges from a cold, refreshing pool after endless, waterless days in the desert. Her whole being rejoiced in that smoke. I departed happily like a good Samaritan. I think I got as much pleasure out of watching the old lady smoke as she did smoking.

Four days after I brought Mrs. Crecy her favorite cigarettes I happened to be on night duty when we heard wild piercing screams from the direction of Mrs. Crecy's room. Two nurses, an interne and myself rushed over there as fast as we could. Smoke was curling out through the open door. As we entered the room we were engulfed in a cloud of acrid smoke.

Mrs. Crecy was standing astride her bed shrieking and gesticulating wildly. The edge of the mattress nearest the pillow was smoldering and the pillow itself was burning fiercely on the floor. Fortunately for Mrs. Crecy the sheets at the moment were folded over the bed posts. It was a miracle too that her nightgown had not caught on fire.

Acting quickly, the interne extinguished the fires and the nurses taking charge of Mrs. Crecy soothed her and examined her burns. The right side of my benefactress' face up to the level of the nostril was livid, where the skin had been slightly scorched. She had suffered a bad burn though, around the corner of the mouth on the right side. The burn was black, shaped like a half moon; it was just about the same size and occupied the same area as her scar. There was an odor of burnt flesh in the room.

Mrs. Crecy regained her composure rather quickly. She had difficulty though in opening her mouth and speaking. I could see her whispering hoarsely to the nurses who were applying an ointment over the entire right side of her face. I was particularly relieved to note that she did not show any signs of being in pain. I already had a premonition that the cigarettes I had bought were to blame and my heart went out to her in sympathy; but, of course, it was too late.

As she left the room flanked by two nurses, Mrs. Crecy caught a glimpse of me. Her eyes flickered in recognition. There was no rancor in them. They did not blame me. They seemed to say, "Don't worry pal, I won't give you away." A grand old lady was Mrs. Crecy.

The next morning I was up on the carpet before the superintendent. The expression on his face boded no good for me.

"I have pieced the threads together in this unhappy affair and am convinced that you were supplying Mrs. Crecy with cigarettes. Is that true?" I said nothing. I am a practical man and did not intend to admit anything that could get me into trouble, especially when there was no retrieving the spilt milk.

"Of course you know that the rules of the hospital prohibit order-

lies from buying things for the patients without a doctor's express permission." I continued to maintain silence. Seeing that he could get no admission from me in straightforward questioning, the superintendent tried another line. "Do you know what Mrs. Crecy's particular disability is?" I said: "No sir."

I had planned to maintain a non-committal attitude throughout the interview but his last question aroused my curiosity. He perceived this triumphantly. Sizing me up contemptuously he debated for a moment whether he ought to tell me or not, and whether I would understand, if he did explain. He must have decided that I'd realize my sense of guilt more acutely if I knew the circumstances, and that I'd unconsciously give myself away—and so he told me.

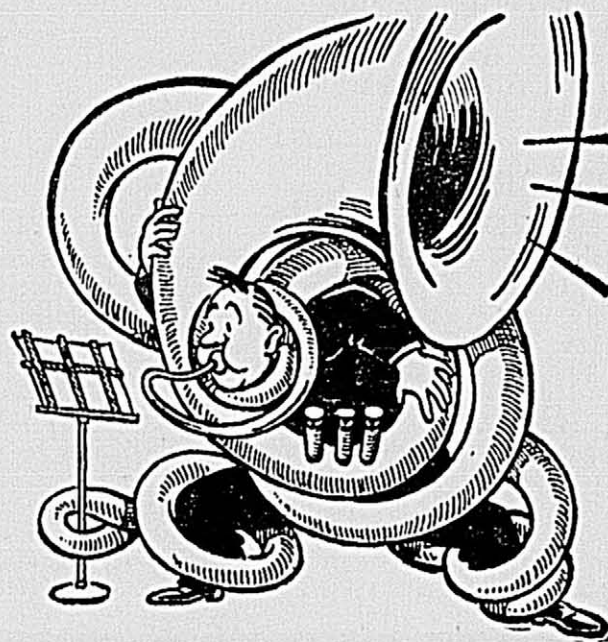
"Mrs. Crecy was affected some years ago by a very severe case of the douloureux, an excruciatingly painful nervous disease affecting the face. To relieve her suffering the trigeminal nerve on each side of the face was medically destroyed. Since these nerve are sensory, she has lost the sense of touch or feeling in the face. Of course her neuralgia disappeared immediately. However, we do not allow her to smoke, because her numb and unfeeling lips are insensitive to a glowing cigarette when it has become a butt, thus leaving her open to a severe burn.

This, for your information, has happened once before resulting in a scar around the corner of the right side of her mouth. The story repeated itself last night when she fell asleep with a lighted cigarette in her mouth.

"Now do you realize how criminal your action was?" he shouted accusingly. Horrified and shaken by this revelation, and intimidated by his voice, I almost answered in the affirmative but caught myself in time. I stood there in stony silence.

Continued on Page Four

WHAT DO YOU PLAN TO BE



A Musician?

Even the finest musician sometimes hits a sour note. Life is like that too. For instance the harmony of everyday existence can easily be upset by some unexpected expense, particularly when funds are at low ebb. A wise precaution is to save regularly for just such a contingency. Alternatively, a personal loan at the bank is often the answer to temporary financial embarrassment. These are but two of the many services available to you at any branch of this bank.

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LAST DAY—p. 1

opened her eyes and her purse. There was a quarter in the change-purse—car-fare for two more days, and twenty . . . twenty-three cents. Payday was two days away.

She closed her purse slowly. The evening stretched ahead of her, empty, telescoping itself into tomorrow morning.

The street-car ground to a stop and all down the car the leather straps groaned and creaked. Celia felt hastily for her purse and pushed her way with the crowd to the door. She waited in the cold, clutching her transfer.

The pale green-tinged sky held one star, low, suspended over the roof-tops. And ridiculously, unaccountably, Anne's old turtle—long since dead—crept slowly across Celia's mind. A faint quick excitement—long since dead—grew sharply in her.

The slow tears came to her eyes as she climbed onto the second street-car.

VERTEBRA—p. 1

where the sign says something about Sacramento being a certain distance away, and go through his pockets yelling, "I've been cleaned out; my watch is gone too," and the next thing I know, feeling for my stuff, is that it's gone too, and I start yelling with him, "It was those skirts we picked up in that town last night." And Joe yells, though I'm right behind him, "I'm going back; we'll get our watches and wallets back if it's the last thing we do; after we take them out, let them get pie-eyed at our expense, protect them from insults to the extent of smashing a chair on some guy's head, paying for it and getting thrown out by the hotel manager to boot, that's what they do to us. Say how many towns did we drive through since we lit out of that joint. What the hell was the name of that town? Oh—uh, there's a road map in the back of the car somewhere—and continuing on—the Hell! I'm going to sleep until my head clears and I can remember things." And Joe's as good as his word; he sleeps.

Then a '41 model Pontiac with a radio starts telling me a history book story, "Frisco, he says is a city rebuilt after the earthquake." As a stranger seeing things for himself I'd say he was a damned liar or else it wasn't much of a calamity. For a week I followed three sailors through the red lights and Chinatown and when their leave was over I pulled out for New Orleans. New Orleans changed to Philly, and Boston to Pittsburgh, and back to New York again.

Now because I'm a traveler that loves culture and doesn't say "desc" and "thems what," and still talk the humble man's lingo, some of the boys on the soap boxes chipped in to get me a platform to tell what I'd seen—to see what chance I had of helping the cause along. But some people just wouldn't listen and left the audience at the beginning of my talk. The ushers, nice guys all of them, tipped me off later what they'd heard the departing people mutter. Seems as if the original party who rented the hall hadn't notified all interested that the meeting was cancelled and they were quite peeved because they had come to hear that original lecture on "The Curved Vertebrae in the Catfish."

"Well I'll be damned!" was all I said.

AWAKENING—p. 1

and the world out—for after tomorrow she would be going beyond that door, far far beyond—perhaps never to return. Surely never to return.

Today, she decided, she would not get up and help her mother dress. She was a little frightened at the immensity of the thought, nevertheless, when Delia looked in for a few minutes later she lay still and pretended to be asleep. "Now I am going to be married," she reasoned. "Tomorrow, I will be married and one of Them will have to help mama so what difference does it make?"

Oh! She was glad to be leaving them! "Eduardo should have picked Amyra," they said. "Why should he have chosen Corina when Amyra is so much more beautiful?"—"Eduardo should have married Delia," said mama. "Corina is only sixteen and there is plenty of time for her yet. It isn't right that the youngest should marry before her sisters." Mama had cried and said she didn't know what they were going to do with Delia. She had wept with the tears running down her face and catching in the folds of her chin.

Her father was pleased. At least one of his daughters was going to marry. How terrible, how very terrible to be the father of four daughters. He was very pleased with Corina. "A good marriage," he said. "And perhaps then Corina can do something for her sisters."

But she was going away from them all. She thought of that long ago evening, driving out to Agua Linda, the road winding whitely across the black plain and the mountains strong and fierce against the translucent silver of moonlit sky, that evening when Eduardo had first told her he wanted to marry her. And many other nights when he had come to lean against the bars of her window, and talk softly of cities and countries and places she had scarcely heard of and only dimly realized. How could she help but see the dull monotony of her life then?—mornings spent in embroidery and painting and piano practice, hot, sultry afternoons whiled away in sleep or reading French novels, dressing for the evening and sitting in the window under the supervision of Misia Maria with the young men standing outside in the street talking and smoking cigarettes. Occasionally there was a dance at the Club Comoruco to which she and her sisters were chaperoned by mama and once every year the fleeting gaiety of Carnival so soon followed by the long and tedious month of Maria when they went to mass three times each day. She had never minded before—"But then I didn't know Eduardo," she told herself.

Eduardo—so tall, so handsome. She was in love with him. Naturally she was in love with him. She trembled at the wonderful miracle of it all and wrapped her slender arms even more closely about the pillow. Once he had kissed her. "Girls must never let men kiss them," said mama. It had something to do with the strange dark mystery of marriage. But he had kissed her. One night when mama went away for a minute and she was alone with him, for the first time alone with him, he had reached through the bars of the window and taken one of her hands in his and then he held it to his mouth and kissed it. She shivered deliciously at the remembrance. For weeks afterwards she had been afraid to look at her hand for fear she would find it changed.

Why was Ricardo so long this morning? She must get up soon.

SPORTS

Sat., Jan. 5th, 8.00 p.m. BADMINTON: "B" Section,

Mon., Jan. 7th, 8.00 p.m. "A" Section,

M.B.S.C. vs. McGill

HOCKEY: Intramural,

Managers: Call Athletics Office for practice periods and register teams with Scotty Grant, Eng. 3, for league.

Fri., Jan. 11th.

VOLLEYBALL:

The Volleyball Schedule will be revised for play after the holidays and all managers are requested to watch the "Daily" for announcement.

FLOOR HOCKEY:

Some 5.00 and 6.00 p.m. hours will be available for Floor Hockey and Managers intending to enter teams are asked to contact Manager: J. Lesperance, LA. 7780 soon.

WATER POLO:

A league in Water Polo will be organized and Managers are asked to enter teams at the Athletics Office. Manager: I. Fineberg.

MacTAVISH RINKS:

The Rinks will be open during the holidays with the exception of Xmas and New Year's days and teams may practice then.

COMING EVENTS

Thu., Jan. 17th, 8.00 p.m. FENCING: Provincial Championships, at Sir Arthur Currie Me. Gym.

Fri., Jan. 18th, 8.00 p.m. HOCKEY: At Forum. (Intercollegiate) McGill vs. Univ. of Montreal

VETERANS' CHEQUES

Cheques covering the first to the fifteenth of December are now at the Registrar's Office, but if not picked up before lectures end on Thursday evening, they will be returned to D.V.A.

There was something ominous about the stillness of the house. All the familiar morning sounds had ceased and she could only hear a low murmur of voices from the dining room. Her mother's voice. Then it must be truly late and Ricardo wasn't going at all today. She sat up in bed. For another minute she would stay and think about Eduardo and then she would get up. She could see them waiting for her around the table, not knowing she was going away forever, tomorrow. Before her eyes there was a vision of herself and Eduardo on board a ship with the beautiful blue of sea and sky all around them and he was standing beside her holding her hand and they were alone.

She slipped her feet into some slippers and began to comb her hair. It was hot, so hot already, and the crack of sunlight slanting through the shutters lay upon the floor like a flaming sword. She stared at herself in the mirror and in the shaded, half-green light she appeared different. Yet, she had looked at herself in this same mirror every morning. The door opened quietly and it was Helena. Helena, even more pale and tired than usual with deep circles under her eyes. Corina felt sorry for her, very briefly and not long enough to mar the brilliant perfection of her own happiness. Helena came over to the bed and sat down. "Even you seem different," said Corina wonderingly.

"Chiquita," said Helena in a choked sort of voice and she began to cry.

It was a telegram she held in her hand. Eduardo—driving out to Carabobo last night and something about the bridge at Requita. She read it slowly. "Chiquita mia," sobbed Helena taking her in her arms.

The walls were closing in around her. She seemed to hear mama saying "Five years of mourning for the death of a novio." Yes, the walls were closing in—so quickly. Cold, white walls, terrible and merciless in the sunlight. Five years—five years and then—She screamed beating her hands helplessly against Helena's thin shoulders and before her eyes the walls were around her, austere and barren and pitiless—not the walls of this house but the eternal walls of the convent.

THE NIGHT—p. 1

what for? For a trollop that picks up a strange man and makes him buy her food in the best restaurant in town? That runs around with only a slip under an expensive fur coat and lets a strange man look at her that way? The more I thought about my adventure the sillier I seemed to myself. By now she was probably showing another man her slip, and I congratulated myself on not having said anything to Emily. By the time we went to bed I was sure that I had escaped from this predicament only by the grace of God, it must have been my reward for never missing a Sunday Service in twenty years. I resolved never to let myself be dragged into another situation like this.

She was not found until half past eight on Christmas morning when the janitor went to sweep the front steps. The police came but left without a clue.

For several days the janitor had to retell the story on every floor: "Some Dame," he used to conclude, "one of those swells, that don't know when they have guzzled enough. Serves her right."

the lamentable and tragic history of one harold pnijkhlxcldorf who didn't like christmas

By Leonard R. Ashley

Once on a time there was a very disagreeable character named Harold Who hated to be Christmas carded or Christmas caroled. He had never sent a Christmas card in his life And was one of those rare individuals who can get by Christmas without spending all his savings on his wife.

And he used to give as his reason

At this season

That his name was Harold

And he detested being you-know-whatted.

He abhorred children like Scrooge

But, as one infant of two expressed it, "We are compelled to be philosophical re this idiosyncrasy, for, apres tout, what can one expect from, as they say in the vernacular, a stooge?"

So Harold went through life to the age of ninety-three

And had never fallen off a ladder trimming a Christmas tree.

When he recalled that he had forty-seven presents to buy in the one shopping day left until Christmas, he didn't tear his hair.

Not only because he was bald but mostly because he didn't care.

For he had a system that saved him a pretty penny,

He didn't give any.

Harold didn't risk life and limb coming down the chimney for his daughter, getting covered with soot,

And when the poor kid woke up on Christmas morning there wasn't anything in her stocking but her foot.

When I asked Harold just last something-or-other why he was so bitter about Christmas, he broke into tears and sobbed, "Because

When I was a little lad of thirty or so, a physicianist broke my heart by telling me there was no Santa Claus!"

FATHERS GIFT—p. 2

pony die—and he had lost the desire to live.

That was the terrible problem

that faced Professor Clement C.

Moore one dark afternoon shortly

before Christmas of 1822. Cheer

the boy up, the doctor had said.

But what did Moore know about

cheering up little boys? He had de-

voted most of his life to producing

a monumental work entitled A

Compendious Lexicon of the He-

brew Language: In Two Volumes.

As professor of Biblical Learning

and Interpretation of Scripture at

the Diocesan Seminary, his style of

writing and speaking was digni-

fied, almost pompous. He had just

finished writing an essay express-

ing his alarm because "more of the

well-disposed among my young

countrymen do not devote their

leisure hours to the attainment of

useful learning, rather than to

frivolous amusements."

But now Professor Moore knew

he must devise a "frivolous amuse-

ment" to keep his son alive.

So the father turned away and

went to the desk in his own study.

He thought awhile, then began to

write desperately, scratch out, and

write again. For two hours his quill

pen raced over sheet after sheet of

foolscap. At last he rose and hur-

ried into his son's bedroom.

The boy looked up at him again,

his face white and streaked with

tears. Dr. Moore began to read—to

read, in a gay and rollicking voice,

what he had just written:

"Twas the night before Christmas,

when all through the house

Not a creature was stirring,

not even a mouse. . .

The long poem was totally un-

like anything Clement C. Moore

ever wrote before or afterward.

But millions of children have been

enchanted by it for generations

mer had ambled off, I did not resume my exploration.

"Rubbish! Who would believe that?" you may remark scathingly. But, unfortunately, an only daughter thought it was "rubbish" two years ago—and the prophecy came true!

THERE IS—p. 3

silence trying to avoid his eyes Suddenly, as if he conjured up before me was the ecstatic look on Mrs. Crecy's face as she took the first puff of the cigarette I had brought her. Unable to maintain myself and not caring any longer I burst out, "But she had such a craving for this particular brand and showed such a desire for them that I could not refuse her."

"It seemed to me as if she were unable to live without them . . ." I broke down and sobbed. "Then when I brought them she enjoyed her smoke so much."

"Don't be a fool," the superintendent said, his voice a little more human than it had been heretofore, "It was all in her imagination and maybe yours too. With the loss of the senses of touch and pain, she also lost the sense of taste. Mrs. Crecy can't tell the difference in taste in her mouth between a two cent cigar and a stick of chalk."

Athletic Regulations At McGill University

Continued MANAGERS.

Senior Managers—a 4 inch Old English red "M" on white background.

Junior Managers—a 3 inch Old English red "M" on white background.

Managerial Coat—sweater white, with red button—band continued around collar, red trim on pockets and cuffs.

CATEGORIES.

All sports fall into one of four categories.

- (1)—Intercollegiate.
- (2)—Non-Intercollegiate.
- (3)—Sanctioned.
- (4)—Intramural.

In each of these categories provision is made for sports of the (a) Period or Team Type where periods of play are in force, and (b) Individual achievement type.

The following definitions show the relative merits and classifications:

CLASSIFICATION. (a) "Intercollegiate" shall include only those activities under the jurisdiction of the C.I.A.U., I.S.U., and I.I.H.L.

(b) "Non-Intercollegiate" shall be any sport league or meet specifically named in advance by the Students' Athletics Council as being in this category.

(c) "Sanctioned" activities shall include any sport league or meet not specifically named in advance by the Students' Athletics Council as intercollegiate or non-intercollegiate as well as those named in the sanctioned category.

(d) Unless specifically stated otherwise, a team which is a second University team, even though they enter a Senior League, will be classed as Intermediate for the purpose of Awards, and a third University team as Junior.

(e) Partial Students: No credit may be gained towards a letter while a student is registered as "partial", even though he registers subsequently as a full time student.

(f) Freshman Teams: Any Freshman team is to be rated Junior.

QUALIFICATIONS

A 1st Grade Letter to CHAMPIONSHIP Teams.

English Rugby: Compete in 100% of the periods of Intercollegiate games.

Fencing: All competing members of the team.

Soccer: Compete in 100% of the periods of Intercollegiate games.

Tennis: All competing members of the team.

Water Polo: Compete in 75% of the periods of Intercollegiate games.

B 1st Grade Letter—Team Championship NOT REQUIRED.

Basketball: Compete in 90% of the periods of Intercollegiate games.

Boxing and Wrestling: Individual Intercollegiate Champions.

Fencing: Individual Champion of Intercollegiate Meet.

Golf: Individual Champion of Intercollegiate Meet.

Gymnastics: Individual Champion in each event in Intercollegiate Meet.

Harrier: 1st, 2nd and 3rd places in Intercollegiate Meet.

Hockey: Compete in 90% of the periods in Intercollegiate games.

Rugby: Compete in 60% of the periods in Intercollegiate games.

Sailing: Winning crew in Canadian Intercollegiate Race.

Skiing: 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th places in individual events, or 1st and 2nd in Combined Downhill and Slalom or Cross-country and Jumping.

Swimming and Track: Credit of 5 points according to the following table:

Place	Two Clubs	More Clubs
1st	5	5
2nd	3	3
3rd	1	2
4th	0	1
Relay	1st	2
	2nd	0
		1

smoke the mild cigarette

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ON LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG

Comfortable beds, excellent meals, cosy lounge with fireplace.

Good Skating at the Doorstep

RATES: \$4.50 PER DAY

RESERVATIONS EL. 1074

STILLE NACHT p. 1

Sixty, Weasel, deer and rabbit turn abruptly and leap in the cloak of darkness. The air rushes down the mountainside once more.

The hand of God moves on. At midnight mass they pray.

SUPERSTITION—p. 1

man's own words, the following is a general account of what he told me:

On her last journey to the north, Mary Queen of Scots rested in the Priory overnight, and, arising the next morning, looked out at the glistening countryside surrounding and exclaimed, "Quel beau lieu!" ("What a beautiful place!") Proud of her remark, her adoring subjects named their community "Beaulieu"—or "Beaulieu" as many of them pronounced it.

Some time after her sojourn in "Beaulieu," when Queen Mary met her lamentable death, an old Scottish seer of the neighborhood, insane with grief at the fate of his beloved queen, put a curse on the Priory where he had last seen her, saying, "A stone will fall from the ruins of this Priory and will kill an only daughter!"

Ever since, through the generations, the inhabitants of Beaulieu have warned their daughters to keep away from the fatal ruins.

Until the time I heard this story I did not think that I believed in superstition, but, after the old far-

NOTICE

Will the following men please report to the Athletics Office on December 19th, 1945, without fail.

Pat Robinson, Bob Everson, Frank Rogers, C. Calderon, V. Grassie, A. Schrier.

NOTICE

Plastics class attention. Those who are unable to attend the Wednesday evening class may come and work on Thursday evening instead.

Tennis: Individual Champion of Intercollegiate Meet.

C. 2nd Grade Letter: All members and substitutes of a first team or senior team who have not qualified for a 1st Grade Letter. Members of a second team or Intermediate team with the same qualifications, basis of points, and per cent of periods of games played as apply in the case of 1st Grade awards.

D. 3rd Grade Letter. All members and substitutes of a second team not qualifying for a 2nd Grade Letter. All members and substitutes who have competed on a recognized representative team.

E. Numerals. Regular members of an intra-mural championship team. Winner of one or more points in an intra-mural Meet.

Note—No letter will be awarded for any event in which representatives from less than two colleges compete. When one college only is represented in any event the winner by default may be eligible for a special award.

Numerals may not be worn with "Colours."

SUSPENSIONS

A man while under suspension will not be entitled to wear the "Colours."

To Be Continued

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Waitress: "Will you have your pie now?"

J.: "Is it customary?"

Waitress: "No, it's lemon."

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